

# THE PILGRIM

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VOL. 59

DECEMBER, 2012

No.12

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"And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the  
Saviour of the world." (I John 4:14)

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## BORROWED?

They borrowed a manger of hay for His head:  
Jesus, my Saviour.

No soft downy pillow, no warm cradle bed  
For Jesus, my Lord.

They borrowed a colt--lowly beast for a King:  
Jesus, my Saviour.

No court gave Him honor, no carillons sing  
For Jesus, my Lord.

He borrowed a room for a Passover feast:  
Jesus, my Saviour.

Becoming both Servant and Heavenly Priest,  
This Jesus, my Lord.

They borrowed a tomb for the Crucified One:  
Jesus, my Saviour.

No monument royal for God's only Son,  
For Jesus, My Lord.

His were the planets and stars in the sky;  
His were the valleys and mountains so high;  
His--all earth's riches from pole unto pole,  
But He became poor to ransom my soul.  
Selected

THE PILGRIM is a religious magazine published in the interests of the members of the Old Brethren Church. Subscription rate: \$7.50 per year. Sample copies sent free on request.  
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Address: THE PILGRIM, 19201 Cherokee Road, Tuolumne, CA 95379

## EMMANUEL--GOD WITH US

An exhausted young woman recently pulled herself painfully over the granite corner of the top of Half Dome in Yosemite National Park. She had just completed in tens days a solo climb up the sheer face of the rock that towers over 2,000 feet above the base. She had lost nine pounds; her hair was matted; and her face was lined from the intense effort and concentration as she focused all her energy and skill on inching safely up without a fatal fall. It was several days before her face would relax enough to smile! Why all this effort and risk? And why do we describe it here? She was successful; she didn't fall. But what did she really have to show for it? Only exhaustion, raw fingers, tattered garments and a miserable ten days of rain, snow, and work. The report of her climb told nothing about God's will or His helping her. To accomplish this feat *by herself* seemed of top value. Even her husband waited below and then hiked around the backside of the dome to meet her at the top.

We see by faith another young woman, no doubt exhausted also from the labor of bringing a Son into the world. This young woman is not alone; her husband is by her side, and God is near, supporting her and giving her calm assurance that her labor is not in vain. She is an instrument in God's hands as He brings salvation and peace into the world--available for all men. For this is Mary, "the handmaid of the Lord." She too has "climbed a mountain." Her Son is born and "is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel. . ." Mary has experienced the universal pronouncement of God upon disobedient Eve, and on all mothers, when He said, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow (pain) thou shalt bring forth

children." But what a reward! What worthwhile effort! What joy to know that the Saviour is born!

These two young women could symbolize the choice we have in life. If we choose to do a solo--without God, without help from our fellowmen--it will be a hard climb. The mountain (this world) is cold, sapping the strength and warmth. It is steep and sheer, defying progress and allowing the ascent only with concentration, study, and skill, and the enabling grace of God. At the end of the solo climb, what is there for reward? A solo life is a wasted life. It is pride that makes us want to travel alone. When we admit we need help, it humbles us.

One of the names given to the newborn Jesus was Emmanuel meaning "God with us." God is in our company. God is alongside of us. Wondrous grace, that He was born to be our Saviour, and that we need never walk, or climb, or live *alone*.

Walk alone? Why should I be alone

When Jesus offers to be by my side?

Brave the storms of life alone?

When God's own Word affords a faithful guide?

No, we have our good Emmanuel,

God with us--oh glorious, happy thought;

He will be our constant shield

Till all the battles of this life are fought.

May we never walk alone in self and pride,

For that way saps our strength and leaves us cold;

Jesus says He'll always be there by our side

Even though our steps grow short, our faces old.

Jesus, still be near and bear these heavy burdens

Till at last we reach the blissful home.

There we'll sing our Saviour's praise forever.

May Thy glorious, everlasting kingdom come! --L.C.

(Reprinted and revised from The Pilgrim Dec. 1984)

## JOSEPH'S "FATHER'S DAY"

It had been a night the like of which Joseph had never dreamed could occur. Away from their home, their friends, and all familiar surroundings, his wife had given birth to a son in a hillside cave ordinarily used to shelter animals in the little town of Bethlehem.

As Joseph looked at Mary, asleep now, he cried. He should have been able to provide something better for her tonight. This precious woman who was "highly favored" and "blessed among womankind" had been entrusted to his care. But the best he had been able to do tonight was a cave, a tiny cleared area, and a bed of straw. "I should have been able to do more for her," he whispered.

The he looked at the baby. So tiny. So helpless. So dependent on Mary and him. But how could it be! This was God's own Son, not his. This baby was the God of creation, of Abraham, of Moses. He was the God of Joseph and Mary. How could He be lying beside Mary now?

Then, on the verge of weeping aloud and waking both mother and baby, the thought came to the devout man that his self-pity was born of pride rather than holiness. No angel had come to him tonight to say that he had done too little. No dream. No word of divine rebuke.

What has Israel's God ever required of any father? Only that he do what is within his power. And Joseph had done that. He had obeyed Caesar in traveling to Bethlehem. He had protected Mary as best he could from the journey. He had provided the only shelter that was available to them in the home city of his fathers. Was it now his duty to feel guilty that he had not been able to do more?



Perhaps Joseph sensed at that moment what other fathers need to realize: God is served when we do the best we can for our children, in love.

Many fathers feel guilty that they are unable to do more for their families. Not enough money for a nice house. Furniture that needs to be replaced. Things always breaking down. Then there is the guilt over bad decisions. Over the inability to guide a troubled child. Over having to watch a child agonize to find his or her own way in life.

A caring, loving father served God's Son at Bethlehem in the only way he could. The Father of us all asks of us only what He asked of Joseph on that holy day.

Rubel Shelly in *Pulpit Helps*, December, 1997

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### HIS STAR

His star, which wise men did behold,  
The sign of Jesus' birth,  
Was guide to them, with myrrh and gold  
And jewels of great worth;  
Their offering for the infant King,  
Was brought by them from far;  
A tribute, too, of heart they bring,  
And bowed before the Star.

His Star, declared the ancient Seer,  
Shall Israel's scepter sway;  
The people shall to Him draw near,  
And Jacob's God obey;  
His vision was for many days,  
But Christ removed the bar;  
When holy angels sang His praise,  
And shepherds viewed the Star.

His Star--and all the stars are His,  
The firmament around;  
All that has been, which was and is,  
His praise and glory sound;  
For all the stars which we behold,  
Like human creatures are;  
Who, like them, shall be crowned with gold,  
Who own Him as their Star.

His Star--a fadeless rainbow bright,  
Eternity its span;  
The sun and moon and stars of light,  
All bow unto His plan;  
And when once more as Lord of day  
He brings His saints from far;  
The heavenly hosts, in bright array,  
Shall crown Him as their Star.

His Star still shines, undimmed by years,  
His cross is still life's token;  
And as His second coming nears,  
His Word remains unbroken;  
His Star arose on Calvary,  
He bore earth's deepest scar;  
And for all ages He shall be  
The bright and Morning Star!

David Mohler

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### COME ON HOME

God saw he was getting tired  
And a cure was not to be,  
So He put His arm around him  
And whispered, "Come with Me." --Selected

## ARTICLES

Advice for Old People -Susan R. Coning sel.	May
A Martyr's Message -John Huss	Oct
A Sad Story -Annalee Taylor	Mar
An Example of Redemptive Love -Tim Royer	Nov
Blessed -Joseph E. Wagner	Mar
Christian Music -James Otto in <i>Light of Life</i>	Feb
I Corinthians 1:30,31 -Matthew Henry	Oct
Dependence or Independence -L.C.	Jun-Jul
Dr. Tom Anderson at a Funeral -sel by Herman Royer	Mar Apr
Emmanuel--God With Us -L.C.	Dec
Empty Shells -from <i>Sunbeams</i> , 1943	Oct
Fire! -Ryan Cover	Sep
Give Me That Book -sel	Jan
Good Standing -Joseph E. Wagner	Sep
He Drew, We Drew -sel by Rosanna Royer	Nov
Heirs of the Promise -Joseph E. Wagner	Nov
If You Criticize Others -from a tract	Mar
Joseph's "Father's Day" -Rubel Shelly in <i>Pulpit Helps</i>	Dec
Key Differences Evangelical & Anabaptist -Nolan Martin	Jun-Jul
Lessons from Nathan's Shop -Matthew and Sarah Martin	Sep
Like A Ship Sailing Home -sel by Aaron Heinrich	Dec
Little Chickens -Steven Horst	May
Mighty Spirit of Truth -L.C.	May
No Man, Having Put His Hand to the Plough -Galen Miller	Aug
Our Love Kept for Jesus -Frances Ridley Havergal	Jun-Jul
Our Savior, Crucified for Me -L.C.	Mar
Prayer for Mother's Day -Peter Marshal in <i>Pulpit Helps</i>	May
Rattlesnake -L.C.	Oct
Reward -L.C.	Feb
School Memories -Bethanna Harper	Mar
Should We Have Voted? -L.C.	Nov
Silent Swearing -G. H. Morrison	Oct
Standing the Test of Time -Gary Miller <i>CMTI Newslines</i>	Jan
Teach Us to Number Our Days -L.C.	Jan
Thanksgiving from Our Hearts -L.C.	Nov
The Church Still Stands -L.C.	Sep
The Heart-searching Inquiry -Walter A. Maier	Sep
The Lord's Day -J. H. Moore	Jan
Things Youth Do Not Need to Decide -Kenneth / Lois Martin	Aug



Thoughts on Denominations -Roger Kuntz	May
Water of Life -L.C.	Aug
We Remember -Sam and Rosanna Royer	Feb
We Remember -Melvin and Marilyn Coning	Feb
Wrong Reactions or Right Responses -Mark Kropf	Oct

## POEMS

A Post for Thee -Dorcas (Royer) Stump	Feb
Blessed Prospect -sel	Jan
Borrowed? -sel	Dec
Breathe on Me, Breath of God -Edwin Hatch	May
Come to Calvary -James Montgomery	Mar-Apr
Hear the Promise -John Sauder	Jan
His Star -David Mohler	Dec
I Give Thee Humble Thanks -sel by Rosanna Royer	Nov
I Wonder -S. E. Kiser Jordan Relief Notes	Feb
If You Love Me -E. A. Barnes	Oct
If You Were Busy -sel	Feb
Let There Be Light, Lord God of Hosts -William Vories	Sep
No More Night -Walt Harrah sel by Lloyd Wagner	Sep
O Nation, O Our Nation -Fannie Kreider Chistian Hymnary	Jun-Jul
Pleasure and Sorrow -Stella Flora to Sophia Baker	Jan
Some Children Don't -sel by Rosanna Royer	Mar-Apr
Teach Me, O Lord -Church Hymnal	Jun-Jul
The Boat -George McDonald sel by Galen and Becky Miller	May
The Golden Rule -sel by Julita Yoder	Sep
The Joy of Thanksgiving -Author unknown	Nov
The Master Has Come, and He Calls Us -Sarah Doudney	Oct
The River of Life -Elizabeth Codner	Aug
The Sea of God's Forgetfulness -Tom M. Olson	Nov
The Teacher -sel	Feb
The Will of God -Author Unknown	Oct
The Wrong Fountain -Margaret Penner Toews	Oct
Through the Furnace -Author Unknown to us	Feb
What a Mighty God We Serve! -Clara M. Brooks	Oct
What If? -sel	Mar
What We Give Away -sel by Elbert Huffman	Mar-Apr



God's Garden -sel by Eli Huffman	Jan
Here is something for you. -Martha J. Cover	Feb
Go to the Woodpecker -Matthew and Sarah Martin	Mar-Apr
Baby Eagles Learn Their Lessons -Esther Hooey <i>Sunbeams</i>	May
Busy as a Bee -Stanley Brubaker (reprinted)	Jun-Jul
Mud Hole Mischief -Sheryl Weaver	Aug
When the Time is Right -Stanley Brubaker (reprinted)	Sep
I Can and I Can't -L. A. Raber from <i>Sunbeams</i>	Oct
A Boy's Wish -John F. Todd in <i>The Youth's Visitor</i>	Oct
Stevie's Row of Thanks -Bertha C. Anderson from <i>Sunbeams</i>	Nov
Jesus, Our Friend -Elizabeth McE. Shields	Dec
Teddy's Christmas -From <i>Sunbeams</i> Dec, 1942	Dec

## FOR YOUTH

Small Tree, Tall Tree -Martha J. Wagner	Jan
The Witness of a Conscientious Objector	Feb
Decision -Leora Bacon sel	May
Where There Is No Vision. . . -Martha J. Cover	Jun-Jul
Jeremiah, A Prophet for God -Linda Frick	Aug
A threat to Kill Jeremiah -Linda Frick	Sep
Hananiah's False Prophecy -Linda Frick	Oct.
Jeremiah Buys Land -Linda Frick	Nov
Jeremiah's Prayer -Linda Frick	Dec

## CHRISTIAN SCHOOL VIEWS

Doctrine of Nonresistance -Peter Krahn <i>Christian School Builder</i>	Jan
Running Out of Time -Dana Ressler	Aug
Promoting Healthy Music Interests -Mark Carpenter	Sep
On Conservative Christian Education. . . -Duane F. Tucker	Oct

## BAPTISMS

Jeremy Cable	Apr 10, 2011
Rhoda Albers	Oct 9, 2011
Helyn Cover	Jan 29, 2012
Allison Cover	Jan 29
James Miller	Mar 16
Marvin Stalter	May 6
Calah Walker	Dec 2

## Twin Oaks Old Brethren - Indiana

Stephen Beery	Ordained to the Eldership	May 25
Shane Oberholzer	Ordained to the Eldership	May 25
Tim Yoder	Ordained to the Eldership	May 25

## BIRTHS

Jeremy Thad Beery	Dec 13, 2011
Herman Samuel Miller	Jan 23, 2012
Jedd Stephen Royer	Feb 20
Colette Dannelle Stump	Apr 22
Kadence Brynn Martin	May 5
Danielle Jade Flora	May 17
Azure Makenzie Martin	May 19
Shandra Gwen Myers	Jun 21
Shannon Thomas Krieder	Jun 25
Elsie Jewel Huffman	Jul 25
Eliza Faye Hilty	Jul 26
Annika Mae Brubaker	Jul 26
Debra Joy Zimmerman	Jul 26
Blaze Michael Taylor	Aug 24
Denver Nathan Royer	Sep 12
Ginger Melody Martin	Oct 16
Ellis James Walker	Oct 16
Zoanna Eternity Elizabeth Root	Nov 12
Kyler Reece Bowser	Nov 19

## MARRIAGES

Preston Cover and Katelyn Golding	May 20
Matthias Royer and Judith Martin	Jun 2
Louis Miller and Melody Royer	Sep 22
Jordan Royer and Sophia Royer	Nov 3

## OBITUARIES

Gayle Kathryn (Miller) Flory	Oct 2, 1969 - Dec 3, 2011	Jan
Carl C. Beck	Jan 4, 1919 - Dec 8, 2011	Jan
Kenneth Raymond Garber	Nov 3, 1940 - Jan 6, 2012	Feb
Lloyd Ivan Flora	May 11, 1930 - Jan 12, 2012	Feb
Harold George Royer	Jan 12, 1925 - Jan 12, 2012	Feb
Ernest Roy Martin	Stillborn Jun 19, 2012	Jun/Jul
Lillie Golden (Brady) Flora	Jan 13, 1914 - Oct 28, 2012	Nov



## LIKE A SHIP SAILING HOME

This article compares death to a ship leaving one shore and landing on another.

We are standing on a shore. A large sailing ship is about to pull out. Friends and relatives of ours are standing on the deck, waving goodbye, throwing streamers, calling to us, calling our names. And we call to them and to each other. "Look, there's Grandma. . .there's Uncle Joe. . .there's Uncle Bill." A bell sounds, the ship begins to move away. We stand silently for a very long time and watch as the ship goes further and further away until, finally, the mast is just a vertical pencil line on the distant horizon. Then it too goes down, until we can no longer see it. And we sigh, '*Oh, she's gone.*' But gone from our sight, that's all. For at the very moment we sigh, '*Oh, she's gone.*' someone cries on another shore and is jumping up and down, laughing and yelling and pointing excitedly out to sea saying, "Look! She's coming. Look, the ship is coming home! Look! There's Grandma. . .there's Uncle Joe. . .there's Uncle Bill."

Our ship is coming home. The shores of Heaven are close for many who have trusted Christ as Saviour of the soul. But another shore beckons as well, the shores of the lake of fire. Many are rapidly approaching it. Only Christ can stop their progress. When the heart is touched, repentance is shown, a new course is taken. A new shore is seen. For the redeemed. . .we shall meet on that beautiful shore!

Selected by Aaron Heinrich

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CLAY OR GOLD

As we get close to God, there are times of trial and testing. We can tell if we are clay or gold by how we respond. If we are clay, we become hard; if we are gold, we melt and flow with God's purpose. --Selected



## BAPTISM

Calah Walker Palestine, Ohio      December 2  
May this new soul walk with Jesus all her days.

## BIRTHS

WALKER - A son, Ellis James, born October 16 to Jared and Yolanda Walker of Waterford, California.

ROOT - A daughter, Zoanna Eternity Elizabeth, born November 12 to Brian and Emily Root of Tuolumne, California.

BOWSER - A son, Kyler Reece, born November 19 to Andrew and Jena Bowser of Harrison, Arkansas

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## ADDRESS CHANGES

Jesse Martin - 12300 Riley Road  
Wakarusa, IN 46573

John and Kelley Brandt - 62201 Ash Road  
Wakarusa, IN 46573-9637

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## FOR YOUTH

## Jeremiah's Prayer

After buying Hanameel's field and having the records sealed and given to Baruch to keep, Jeremiah prayed a special prayer to God. The first part of that prayer is to acknowledge

God's greatness and to adore Him. Let's just read the first three verses of his prayer:

"Ah Lord God! Behold thou has made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee:

"Thou shewest loving kindness unto thousands, and recompensest the iniquity of the fathers into the bosom of their children after them: the Great, the Mighty God, the Lord of hosts, is his name.

"Great in counsel, and mighty in work: for thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men: to give everyone according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings;"

I think that many times Jeremiah didn't understand why God told him to do and say certain things. He probably felt complainy sometimes about all the misery he suffered. But in these three verses, Jeremiah adores God anyway. He realizes God made the heaven, the earth, all living animals, and all people. He realizes that nothing is impossible with God. Then he gives God the glory and praise.

He also realizes God is a God of mercy; that He is not only kind, but he shows loving kindness to thousands of people. God knows about everything He made--the whole earth and each person in the earth. He also knows what is best for each one of us and how to best help us turn to Him. He knows just what to bring into our lives that would be for our good. Often, it doesn't seem good to us, like when Dad spansks hard, and it hurts so badly, it doesn't seem good to you. But Dad knows it is the best way for you to learn to be obedient. And God knows what is best to help us older people learn to be obedient to Him. Dad disciplines you because he loves you. God disciplines His people because He loves them.

Linda Frick  
Gettysburg, Ohio

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Jesus, Our Friend

When Jesus was a baby boy,  
He slept up on the hay,  
And then He grew and worked and played  
Each glad and happy day.

He helped His mother in the home;  
He played like you and me;  
And every day He did obey;  
A happy boy was He.

When Jesus grew to be a man,  
He made the sick ones well,  
And made folk good and loving by  
The stories that He'd tell.

Dear Jesus is the children's Friend;  
He held them on His knee;  
He took them in His arms and said,  
"Let the children come to Me."

Elizabeth McE. Shields  
*From Praises For Children*

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Teddy's Christmas

Teddy was taking a walk all by himself. It was Christmas Day, but Teddy was not so happy as he ought to have been.

"Uncle John might have given me a train or an airplane instead of just shoes," he grumbled. "And an overcoat! Who wants an overcoat for Christmas?"



Teddy kicked unhappily at the little piles of snow that had drifted across the sidewalk. He had come away from the house because he didn't want Mother and Daddy and Aunt Kate and Uncle John to see that he was disappointed. He knew they didn't understand that boys would rather have toys than clothes for Christmas presents. He supposed they thought a few toys were enough. You could get clothes any time of the year, but on Christmas--

"Hello," said a cheerful little voice.

Teddy looked up. There before him on the sidewalk was a small boy shivering.

"Where's your coat?" asked Teddy.

"I haven't one," said the boy.

"What did you get for Christmas?" Teddy went on.

"Nothing," the boy admitted. "But you ought to see the fine coat and cap I got for my sister, Jane. The mission lady gave it to me yesterday when I told her about my sister. And was Jane surprised? You should have seen her."

Teddy looked at the boy's happy face. Why, he was pleased as if he had received something himself. "Why didn't the mission lady give you some warm clothes?" he asked curiously.

"Oh, she'd given away all she had for boys. But I don't care. I can stand it. It's more fun to surprise other folks, anyway. Say, she even gave me some shoes and mittens for the baby. And this morning the butcher let my daddy have a big soup bone. I'm going now to get some turnips to put in the soup. Oh, we'll have a grand Christmas!"

Teddy stood still and looked after the boy. A grand Christmas! Suddenly he was very much ashamed of himself.

"Say, wait," he called. "I got a new overcoat for Christmas, and I think my old one will fit you. Do you want to come with me and get it?"

"Thanks," said the boy, his face lighting up. "It does get cold."

As Teddy hurried the shivering boy toward home, he planned in his mind what he would do. There was a suit as well as a coat that he was sure Mother would let him give, and some toys he didn't care for any more. Perhaps when he told Mother about the soup bone and the turnips, she would fix a basket.

"I'll donate my share of the mince pie," he thought. And as he planned all this, he began to feel happier and happier. He thought with pride of his new overcoat and shoes and the new toys he knew were coming.

"I was thinking just about getting, and he was thinking about giving," Teddy decided. "That's why he was happier that I was, even though he had nothing for himself."

From Sunbeams, December, 1942

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